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YALE COLLEGE AND STATE HOUSE, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

w Haven city; a seaport, and semi-metro- of Connecticut, in New Haven county, y-five miles south-south-west from Hartford, ty-six north-east from New York, 134 west- -west from Boston, and 304 from Washing- lon. 72° 57' W.; lat. 41° 18' N.; population 810, 5772; in 1820, 7147; in 1831, 10,678. city lies round the head of a bay that sets about four miles north of Long Island sound, is situated on a large and beautiful plain, ch is bordered on the north partly by emi- ces called *East* and *West Rock*, presenting d and almost perpendicular columns of naked rock, 350 to 370 feet high. Two small rivers nd the city, one on the east and the other on west. It was incorporated as a city in 1784. e miles long from east to west, and two miles e. It is regularly laid out, and consists of parts, old and new towns. The old town laid out in a large square, and is divided several smaller squares. The central square tersected by a beautiful street, overspread ... On this street are erected three hand- churches. Near the centre of the west of this square is a new State-house, built the model of the Parthenon. It has a com- ding appearance; and its proportions, and style of its workmanship, rank it with the American buildings. The city contains handsome churches for Congregationalists; eautiful Gothic edifices, of stone, for Epis- ans; one for Baptists, two for Methodists, for Africans. There are also a jail, an -house, a custom-house, a museum, two s, two insurance-offices, an institution for lar lectures, established in the year 1831, six printing-offices, from which are issued five weekly newspapers, and three other periodicals. The houses of New Haven are mostly of wood, not expensive, but handsome and convenient; and the city is one of the most pleasant in the U. States. The public square and principal streets are finely ornamented with trees; and a great part of the houses have gardens filled with fruit-trees, which give to the city a rural and delightful appearance. The harbor is well defended from winds, but is shallow, and gradually filling up with mud: it has about seven feet on the bar at low water. The maritime commerce of New Haven is greater than that of any other town in Connecticut. Both the foreign and the coasting trade are considerable, and packets and steam-boats ply regularly between this city and New York. The Indian name of New Haven was *Quinnipiack*. It was first settled by the English, in 1638. It was the capital of the colony of New Haven, which continued distinct from the colony of Connecticut till 1665. The legislature of the state meets alternately here and at Hartford.

Yale college, one of the most distinguished literary institutions in America, is established at N. Haven. It was incorporated in 1701; was originally placed at Killingworth; in 1707, removed to Saybrook; in 1717, to New Haven. There are ten college buildings; four halls, 100 feet by 40, and four stories high, containing thirty-two rooms each for students; a new and convenient chapel, one story of which is appropriated to the theological school, and another to the college library; two other buildings, containing rooms for recitations, lectures and libraries; a dining-hall, of stone, with an elegant apartment above for the mineralogical cabinet and lectures; a chemical laboratory; and the medical college, a large edifice, of stone. The college library contains 9500 volumes, and the students' libraries 9000. The philosophical and chemical apparatus are very good. The cabinet of minerals is the most valuable in the United States. It contains above 16,000 specimens. The number of instructors in the academical department of Yale college is twenty; the number of alumni, 4505; the number of students, without including medical, theological and law students, 331. Commencement is held on the third Wednesday in August. There are three vacations, viz. from commencement, six weeks; from the second Wednesday in January, two weeks; and from the first Wednesday in May, four weeks. In 1822, a theological school was established in connexion with this college. The number of students at present is 42; and there are three professors. There is a medical school, the lectures of which begin six weeks after the college commencement. It has 6 professors and 48 students. There is also a law school, having two professors and forty-four students. These numbers are all given for the year 1831. The city is also celebrated for the number of its boarding schools and smaller seminaries for the young of both sexes.

The average number of persons who are here from abroad for the purpose of education is supposed to be rarely below a thousand. *Blue laws* is a name given to the quaint regulations of the early government of the New Haven plantation, when the public authorities kept a sharp watch over the deportment of the good people of the colony, and punished all breaches of good manners and good morals, often with a ludicrous formality.

WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?

hat is that, mother?—
The lark, my child.—
he morn has but just looked out, and smiled,
hen he starts from his humble, grassy nest,
d is up and away with the dew on his breast,
d a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright sphere,
 warble it out in his Maker's ear.
er, my child, be thy morn's first lays
ned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

hat is that, mother?—
The dove, my son.—
d that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
 flowing out from her gentle breast,
nstant and pure by that lonely nest,
 the wave is poured from some chrystal urn,
r her distant dear one's quick return.
er, my son, be thou like the dove,—
 friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

hat is that, mother?—
The eagle, boy,
oudly careering his course of joy,
rm in his own mountain vigor relying,
easting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;
 wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
 swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
y, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
ward and upward, true to the line.

hat is that, mother?—
The swan, my love.—
 is floating down from his native grove,
 loved one now, no nestling nigh;
 is floating down by himself to die;
ath darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
t the sweetest song is the last he sings.
ve so, my love, that when Death shall come,
an-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

EMY DENT—MY FELLOW BOARDER.

BY LUMPKIN LUMPKINS.

xcuse me, kind reader, I am one of those in- tive sort of fellows, never content unless I prying into other people's business, I can her let this man alone nor let that woman re- single.

at down to-day, (having nothing else to do,) rmined in my own mind to immortalise my ow boarder," Jeremy Dent, whom you will ceive, if I can do him sufficient justice, is a t singular genius. I have travelled north, south and west, and upon the honor of a tleman, I never saw such an original in my as is Jeremy Dent, "my fellow boarder."

As all things have a beginning, so must my ry, for what I have said amounts to nothing, ou will take the trouble to analyse it. But me, I have fallen into the same evil practice he majority of scribblers, that is, of writing tirade or soliloquy, you may call it which please, before commencing the main thing, thing that has no more to do with the story the man in the moon. By way of illustra- I happened to take up a book the other day, lled, "Phrenology in a Nutshell," but the thy writer previous to commencing his argu- , gave us a long description as to the best of looking at an eclipse of the sun, recom- ding smoked glass, as one of the best things world, but cautioned the ladies against ing the smoked glass to their faces, as he knew a very interesting young lady thrown convulsions caused by the horrible appear- her nose presented, by bringing the smok- glass in contact with that prominent organ! leaving us in ignorance as to the result of this ortunate accident, and gradually resuming thread of his story as I do mine, for if I ght, kind reader, you would take the trouble ad it, I would write a preface as long as a r's yard stick, or like the man with a cork , who started out one day to walk, and, "be soul, he tuck a run," as Pat says, and could stop himself until he seized the nearest lamp , and as I am near the end of this paragraph l take advantage of it, and make a *full stop*.

Jeremy will, no doubt, figure very deep in sketch, I think a description of his outward would not come amiss. In the first place, ppose I must begin at the beginning. Jeremy possessed of a most flourishing crop—not locs,—but red hair, which, of course, was ted on the top of his head, which was exact- four feet seven inches from the soles of his . his hair was long and matted, and hung in tiful confusion about his temples. Imme- ely below his hair might be discovered with- the aid of an opera glass, two beautiful eyes his own. Reader! did you ever see a mill- d oyster, reclining in the bottom shell, star- at you in all its native loveliness, if you ever you have a faint idea of Jeremy's eyes, if never have enjoyed the sight your education been wonderfully neglected, for I have both and eat them, (not Jeremy's eyes,) but the ters. Next in order is his nose, which was snub- , and turned up toward the heavens, for all the ld like an astronomer, star-gazing. Direct- bove that organ was placed his mouth, which near as I can come to it resembled the same cle in a full grown shark. About his neck generally wore a yellow and red striped cot- handkerchief, his vest was composed of genu- plaid, and a coat which he called "an 'unt- coat," was furnished with pockets, that an- ered for game bags, and lockers for any odds d ends, he picked up in his travels, hung in mendous folds over his broad shoulders. His dy legs were incased in a pair of old fashion- buckskin breeches, and last of all, though least, his trotters were protected by a very ique pair of gaiters.

The first time I had the extreme pleasure of seeing Jeremy was one cold, blustering day in November, the sleet and rain descended in torrents, and evening was rapidly closing in, when I was arrested in my journey to the boarding house by an omnibus what had upset, and "spilled" the passengers in the kennell. I hastened toward them, and the first person I assisted to rise was Jeremy.

"My dear friend are you hurt?" said I, with great difficulty preventing myself from laughing at his singular appearance, for he was covered with mud from head to foot, and his long hair soaked with water completely covered his face.

"Hang that ere 'bus driver, to spill us out in this ere gutter. Oh my ribs! My kind vorthy friend can you tell me vhere Mrs. Lyons's put up shop is? for I shall be as dead as a hammer if I don't discover it shortly. Infernal place this ere, spilled out of this 'bus, lost my numbrellar, and broke my ribs!"

"Put up shop? why what the deuce is that?" said I.

"Put up shop! vy vere people are taken in and done for, to be sure," answered Jeremy.

"Oh! ah! yes, you mean a boarding house, why I am going there myself, my friend, I will show you the way."

"I am werry much obliged to you, werry much, werry much, indeed," said Jeremy, "and I have no doubt Aunt Tab will be so too. I have no doubt you have heard her say her nevy was coming to town shortly to stop with her? She thinks the world of me, always calls me Jerry, her dear little Jerry Dent, no doubt she has said her dear Jerry Dent was coming to town. My friend I am a particular favorite with the ladies. The little dears always say, here comes Jerry Dent, that interesting young man! now we will have some fun, and the like of that ere. I'll tell you a grand secret my fine feller," said Jeremy, "I believe it is because I always salutes them when I goes into their presence, as makes me such a favorite with them—the dear little critters. But some how or nother I always makes some blunder! I begin to think I am a werry unfortunate man. Now when I was about leaving the Death's Head and Coffee Pot in the little village where I stopped last, and had paid my reckoin, I reached across the table to salute the little chump of a landlady. Vel, as I was in the hact of reaching over, I hupset the whole contents of the tea urn into the lady's lap, and scalded a lap dog into convulsions that she was feeding with comfits, which made a flying leap right through the vinder with a tremendous bowl, and the lady, dear soul, jumped six feet high, and made three somersets, and cut a werry ridiculous figure, and looked for all the world like a tumbler pigeon, howling and screeching all the while. Vel I took advantage of the noise, and bolted right through the door into the 'bus, and was spilled out there at the corner, my fine feller, and here I am rather the vorse for vare."

"Ha! ha! ha! capital joke, that Jeremy," said I, "but here we both are at Mrs. Lyons's door."

"Now really! is it possible, it is werry affecting to meet any body that is dear to us after so long an absence, werry!"

We soon made our way into the parlor, and found the boarders at tea; and as we entered the room we were greeted

"With a roar,
Louder than storm on ocean's shore."

One young lady who was quietly supping her bohea, when we entered, in her efforts to restrain her rising mirth caused the tea to choke her, and bring on a fit of coughing, which served to increase the merriment. Poor Jeremy stood like "Patience on a monument smiling at grief," with his large goggle eyes rolling about the room in search of his aunt Tab Lyons; not discovering her in the room, he turned on his heel and bolted out, followed by the laughter of the boarders. In a few minutes Mrs. Lyons entered the room leading Jeremy by the hand, who had, in the mean time, washed and cleaned himself, and presented a somewhat more creditable appearance.

"My nephew, ladies and gentlemen, from Broad Axe."

"Yaes, Broad Axe, ladies and gentlemen, I am from that ere place," said Jeremy, entirely recovering from his former fright. "Gals! bless me, thick as hops. I beg you would not mention it, and when I goes into their company I always makes a practice of bussing them all round. To show how I do it ladies, I will commence with this gal, and so go round."

Accordingly Jeremy seized a buxom lass, and was about imprinting a chaste kiss on her rich and pouting lips, when he received a blow alongside of his ear that made him reel again, and as he was using exertions to recover himself and balance, he accidentally trod on the tail of Mrs. Lyons's favorite tortoise shell cat that was philosophising near the fire place, on the ups and downs of this life, as Jeremy's dexter foot came in contact with her ladyship's tail, (for it was a lady cat,) she uttered one shrill cry of disapprobation at such violent proceedings, and inserted her masticators in the calf of Jeremy's sinister leg, which brought a reply from him in the shape of a howl, and sent him flying as lightly across the room, as we would suppose a man would do who was engaged in dancing a hornpipe on a bushel basket of fresh laid eggs, (excuse the comparison.)

It is a singular thing to me, that when a man gets into one difficulty he always has a taste of another before he is clear of the first. As ill luck would have it, Mrs. Rebecca Theresa Elmira Wilkins, a very respectable little fat widow, on the shady side of forty, who accumulated an independence sufficient for two to live comfortably on, by keeping a tripe and trotter shop in, to use her own words, a very respectable street, and very respectable part of the town, and who had enjoyed Jeremy's misfortune more than any other person in the room, and laughed till the tears coursed down in quick succession over her dumpling cheeks, happened as luck would have it, to sit directly in the line of Jeremy's flight.

As the innocent dove flying in fancied security through its favorite bowers, billing and cooing with its affectionate mate, sees the voracious hawk sweeping in proud majesty from the clouds, utters one plaintive cry, and is seized by the murderous bird, so with Mrs. Wilkins, seeing Jeremy sailing across the room at the rate of thirty miles an hour, like a locomotive engine, she essayed to rise, but before she could accomplish that all important object, owing to the rotundity of her person, not being quite so active as most young widows of her age, Jeremy came in contact with her with a crash similar to that of a ship of the line coming in contact with a Barnagat fishing smack, and like unto the crew of the said smack, she uttered one shrill cry of despair and presto change, the widow reversed the order of nature, and in an instant was keel uppermost, she was, however, quickly righted, and poor Jeremy without stopping to learn the damage she had sustained seized the candle, and rushed up stairs to bed.

"Oh the brute! oh my side! my souls!" and a dozen other expressions Mrs. Wilkins made use of when she found breath.

"Ladies some apology is requisite," said Mrs. Lyons, "for the conduct of my nephew, he is just from the country, and cannot be expected to be as refined in his manners as a person brought up in the city. Try a glass of wine, Mrs. Wilkins, it will recover you."

After swallowing three glasses of wine, Mrs. W. declared herself entirely recovered from her fright. Wine has a singular effect on the human frame, for Mrs. Wilkins declared she readily forgave Jeremy too.

I was much surprised the next morning as I entered the parlor to see Jeremy on his knees before the widow in the next room; finding myself undiscovered, I listened to the conversation that took place.

"Believe me, vidder, it was not intentional on my part, it was all on account of that mean, nasty cat. You know, vidder, I would not be guilty of such an outrage on human nature if I could help it, cause, vidder, I have a great respect for you, and all ladies. I love them! yes, I love them! more than I do ox tail soup, and I think that is the cap sheaf of any thing in this ere vorld. I'd go through thick and thin for you, vidder. I would stand by you till you was blue, I mean to say till all was blue. I think vidder you have got an eye like a pick axe, it pierces right through my heart," and Jeremey laid his hand on the pit of his stomach. "I hope! oh I hope this ere apology will be sufficient on my part. Here, vidder, here on my knees let me hear the happy words from those rich and ruby lips, that Jeremy Dent is pardoned, or else, vidder, you will break my heart."

"Oh! Mr. Dent you are a fascinating man," said the widow looking round one side of the fire screen she held in her hand; "rise, Mr. Dent; who can withstand such argument from such a man. Rise, you are forgiven."

"Oh! vidder! what happy words, how shall I thank you for your kindness in forgiving such a reprobate as I am. Oh you are the prince of vomen! Oh my poor heart will bust with gratitude. My dear beautiful wenus of a vidder, let me impress one kiss on those beautiful lips to ratify the pardon."

"Oh! Mr. Dent, it would not be correct," said the widow, letting down the screen, and bending toward Jeremy, who gave her a hearty smack that echoed through the room.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Jeremy," said the widow with a smile lurking in the corners of her mouth.

At this moment the breakfast bell rung, and as Jeremy passed me I whispered in his ear, "she is rich, Jeremy, try and catch her."

"The deuce she is! that I will," said Jeremy, and we passed on to the breakfast room. But one accident occurred at the table, and that a very slight one; Jeremy, in his eagerness to wait upon the widow, let two of the muffins slip off the plate into her coffee cup, which sent the liquid flying over the ladies' dresses. However, that blunder was readily forgiven, and the meal passed off in quietness.

Jeremy had resided with us about three weeks, and conducted himself very well, and had, in the meantime, fairly captivated the widow, when one morning he announced his intention of starting on a gunning excursion.

"Murphy!" said Jeremy to the waiter in attendance, "have you greased the lock of my piece? shot and powder ready? coat brushed, brandy flask full, and every thing complete, eh?"

"Yes, sir," said Murphy.

"My dear, vidder, one chaste salute ere I go forth to follow in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessor, the chaste Goddess Diana," said Jeremy, as he buckled on his equipments.

"Oh my dear, Dent! my dear, Dent! take care of yourself, and run not into danger. Don't for mercy's sake jump any wide ditches, and leap any five-barred gates, for if you break your neck, you would break the heart of your affectionate widow. Here, my dear Dent, wrap this shawl around your neck to prevent you from taking cold," said the widow, offering Jeremy a shawl about six feet square.

"Oh, nonsense, vidder, one kiss and I am off," and suiting the action to the word, he embraced his loving widow, and was almost smothered by her tears and sobs!

"Take care of yourself, my dear Dent," said the widow, as he tore himself away, "take care of yourself for my sake, Jeremy."

Jeremy jumped into the first omnibus, intending to ride a short distance out of town, and then cut across the country in search of game. He had been seated about five minutes, when a most extraordinary fat lady waddled in, and seated herself alongside of Jeremy, and betrayed evident signs of alarm at the sight of Jeremy's fowling piece that was staring her in the face.

"Is your musket loaded, young man?" said the old lady, peering over spectacles.

"Oh no, marm! I never has a loaded gun in my house at all. You see there are so many accidents happen with loaded guns that I am werry perticklar,—wery! indeed I never allow any body to charge my gun, and always discharge it myself. I once heerd, marm, of a werry horrible accident that took place in a sporting gentleman's house, like myself, marm. He took his gun home one night, and as he was a little cocked himself, he did not know; you know, whether his gun was or not."

"Of course not," chimed the old lady.

"Certainly not. Well, marm, he took his gun home, and set it in one corner of the room. Well, it had set there, according to the account of the female cook, who was the only sensible man in the house, it had set there about five minutes, when a little lap dog, no bigger than your hand, that the lady of the house gave fifty dollars for not a week before, came snuffing and smelling around the gun, as all dogs do, marm; vel the gun slid down, and the whole contents went right through the poor hanimal's head, and killed him on the spot; and what made it worser was, the lady who was asleep up stairs, as the afternoon was werry warm, hearing the gun explode thought her husband was fighting a duel down stairs, and went into convulsions, and it cost her husband fifty guineas for doctor's bills; all on account of bringing a loaded gun into the house."

"My lors," said the old lady.

"Yes, marm, it is a positive fact, and ever since I read the account in the 'Boston and Rocky Mountain Railroad Gazette,' I have been more perticklar than ever, even when I know'd the piece is not loaded. Now, for instance, when I go into the house, I always stand it upright—so," said Jeremy, raising the gun from the horizontal to the perpendicular. Poor Jeremy, just as he was raising the piece, the omnibus crossed a gutter, and knocked the "musket" as the old woman called it against Jeremy's knee. Bang went the piece, and the contents passed through the roof of the omnibus.

"Oh! oh! oh! oh! I am dead," screamed the old woman, and down she hopped on the floor. Jeremy did not stop to see if she really was dead, but made a flying leap out of the door, and was soon going at the rate of ten miles an hour.

"Stop him! he has killed a woman," shouted the driver.

"Stop him!" echoed the mob, and away went Jeremy down one street, and up another, with the mob close at his heels.

Poor Jeremy, just as he was turning a corner, a stout butcher laid him sprawling on the pavement. "Where is an officer?" bawled the butcher, with one foot on Jeremy's back in token of triumph.

"Here is one," said an extraordinary fat man, squeezing through the crowd.

"Vel, take this ere man off, he cut a man's throat in a 'bus round the corner."

"Oh! the villain! just look at the blood on his coat."

Accordingly, Jeremy, in spite of words and explanation, was hurried to the nearest magistrate.

"What is the charge against the prisoner?" said a counterfeit specimen of humanity perched on a high stool in the capacity of judge.

"He cut a man's throat, your vurship, in a 'bus, so this ere butcher says."

"Did you see him, sir?" said the magistrate to the butcher, in a voice of thunder.

"No, sir, the people said so what was a running arter him, your vurship."

Poor Jeremy had by this time recovered his self possession, and proceeded to state the case, as it actually took place, "and your vurship, to prove what I say is true, just send this ere feller after the 'bus, and tell him to bring my gun with him, and while he is gone I will tell you a werry remarkable hincident which took place in my willage, werry similar to my own case."

The man was accordingly sent for the omnibus, and Jeremy commenced his story, which he said was "werry similar to his own."

"You must know, your vurship, that a werry remarkable circumstance took place, which called forth my deepest attention. You must know, a young man by the name of Peachem, was a courting a young voman by the name of Dorothy Evans. (I like to be pertickler, your vurship, is the reason I mention names.) Vel, the young man started out one night to meet the voman, and have some small talk about their affairs, as all young lovers do, you know, your varship, as I suppose you did that yourself when you was young, for you are a werry fascinating looking man, and look as though you might have been as great a favorite with the ladies once as I am myself now."

The magistrate endeavored to coax his face into a smile, nodded at the compliment, and Jeremy proceeded.

"Vel, as it was a werry dark night, and robbers about, Peachem thought he would take Fowler with him, a favorite old dog, what had stood by him through thick and thin. Vel, as I said before, he called Fowler, and looked him full in the face, the same as I look your vurship, and said 'Fowler, look sharp.' Vel, would you believe it, the dog nodded his head, and wagged his tail, as much as to say 'that I will sir,' and off they both started, Peachem walking ahead, Fowler trotting behind. Vel, they proceeded two miles in this ere way—Peachem whistling 'Haste to the Wedding,' and Fowler looking down to the ground philosophising in his own way, when Peachem thought he heerd a voman scream, 'listen! hist! Fowler,' says he, and Fowler stopped and pricked up his ears, and looked up toward his master, and began to bark, as much as to say 'I hear it, sir.' Now only think, your vurship, what hinstinct these ere brutes have got, he heerd that voman scream as plain as your vurship would if you had been there.

"Vel, Peachem started off on a gallop, and Fowler following after. Vel they had run in this way mayhap about half a mile, when Peachem heerd the scream again much plainer than before, and just as he turned the corner of the road he saw by the flash of a gun a voman struggling and screaming in the hands of a man, and as that was the spot he agreed to meet Dorothy Evans in, he was sure it was her, that was in the hands of that ruffian, and was about being murdered. Vel he dashed forward in a fit of desperation, and clinched the willian by the collar, and as he was about to throw him down, and give him a quietus, somebody came behind Peachem, and struck him a tremendous blow on the back with some werry heavy instrument, and said——

"By Jupiter there is the 'bus driver, and my fowling piece, hurrah!"

Just as Jeremy had arrived at the interesting part of his story, the driver, with the old lady entered the office, who testified that she was more frightened than hurt, and believed it was quite accidental on the part of the young man, and so Jeremy was discharged. Bidding all parties farewell, he shouldered his piece, and marched out of the office.

As the day was pretty well advanced, and three miles from home, and nothing to eat since breakfast, it is not a matter of surprise that Jeremy felt hungry. In accidentally turning his head round he discovered a large sign on the opposite side of the street, on which he decyphered

"Jaques Therese Vignardonne,
Restarateur on the Parisian plan."

"Ha! ha! what you plaiser, Monsieur," said a powdered Frenchman, dancing and scraping before Jeremy as he entered the door.

"What you have sare? rose beef, a'La mode, rose pork, rose sheep, rose mutton, or any oser kind of game, eh? one fine friccace, one grand omlette, cook fuss rate style, bang up chop, sare, and no mistake, as dey say in grand Americ. I go de whole pig in vat is nice."

"Any thing at all Polly Woo, so long as it is nice and good, a mutton chop will do," said Jeremy, at the same time sliding into one of the boxes.

"I give you one chop, sare, in de same style as we serve dem up in la Belle Paris. Oh? mon dieu, for what did I leave him? Marie! Marie! mutton chip for one, Vite! Vite!" While the Frenchman's tongue was running he had spread the cloth, and placed on the table the pharaphernalia requisite in eating a mutton chop. "Marie, for what the devil you no come wis dat chip, eh? de gentleman's will starve for death before you come!"

Marie soon made her appearance with the chop, and Jeremy as soon demolished it.

"Ha! ha! vat you tink, eh? one vera good chip, eh?"

"Tarnal good chop that ere, mounsheer," said Jeremy, smacking his lips, "I'll take a glass of brandy and water on the strength of it."

"Yes, sare! Marie! brandy and water for one, Marie! Vite! Vite! Me have some brandy and water, sare, which is fuss rate."

As Jeremy was in the act of swallowing the brandy and water, a thought struck him, his vidder, a grieving herself for him, while he was drinking brandy and water in the shop of Jaques Vignardonne, Heavens! what a horrible thought. As quick as a flash, Jeremy swallowed the brandy, paid the Frenchman, and darted out of the shop quick as thought.

"Mon Dieu, for what be run so for, eh? he run as if he was kill somebody, and Mon Dieu! he was leave his gun too, ha! ha! vera good, vera good, me hope he was so come back, ha! ha! ha!"

Without heeding the remarks of the Frenchman, Jeremy ran on. "'Bus, 'bus, I say, 'bus, Hoffoa," he shouted as he caught sight of an omnibus nearly two squares ahead of him. Hang that feller, he is as deaf as an awning post, (Jeremy would scorn to say as deaf as a sign post, for the post has signs, for any question it can answer.)

"Why the Harry did'nt you hear sooner, you varmint? keep a man running a half a mile when you heerd him all the time," said Jeremy as he entered the omnibus, having succeeded in making the driver hear him.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," said he, as he squeezed his way through the double row of knees. "Darn that driver he is as deaf as Lizzy the bar maid at the Death's Head and Coffee Pot. Would you believe it, marm, I have been bawling, and making signals like a ship in distress all the way from Cross street, and the confounded feller has just heerd me. Hang him, the 'bus laws want some alterations in that part relating to attentive drivers," said Jeremy, as he seated himself between two very fat ladies, like the coffee grounds after they have been stirred up, settling and squeezing their way through the pure liquid to the bottom of the pot.

"Drive on 'bus," shouted Jeremy, when he seated himself, without looking toward the door, to see if any body was entering at the time, but as ill luck would have it, just as Jeremy said "drive on 'bus," a very respectable looking woman was standing on the steps taking a very affectionate farewell of a very stout gentleman dressed in a black coat, and "could not mention 'ems." "Good bye, Bobby, now take care of yourself." Bobby was forced to take care of himself, for the words slipped out of her mouth, at the same time as Jeremy told the 'bus to drive on.

"Oh! my goodness," screamed the lady, as the omnibus started off, and threw her into the arms of the gentleman, who, unable to support such a load, as she accidentally happened to be, was, of course, thrown into the middle of the street with the lady on top of him, and to use Jeremy's words, who gave the account afterward, "She cut a werry ridiculous figure."

"Who ordered the omnibus to stop?" roared the gentleman, as he rose from the ground foaming with passion.

"This is the person," lisped one of the ladies.

"Blast you! you little contemptible puppy, if you were the ninth part of a man I would give you as sound a drubbing as you ever experienced in your life, you miserable representative of a man." So saying the gentleman passed the lady in, and the omnibus drove on, and Jeremy invariably thanked his stars that he was a little man.

Jeremy arrived safe home, and found the widow in the greatest distress at his long absence. After mutual embraces and tears, Jeremy sat down to supper, and speedily demolished six muffins, three slices of toast, five eggs and four cups of tea, and topped off with a pound and a half of tea rusk, buttered knee deep.

"Now, Jeremy, do tell us your adventures to-day," said the widow, "for I do like to hear sporting anecdotes so."

"Do you; vel I don't like to engage in them then," and Jeremy told his hair breadth 'scapes since morning, and w[illegible]d up by saying he left his piece in the Fr[illegible]man's cook shop, and could not tell where [illegible] to find it again.

That night, at the [illegible]tching hour of twelve, when all nature was [illegible] in calm repose, Jeremy seated by the sid[illegible] the widow in the parlor made an offer of his h[illegible] and hand, which after a little persuasion w[illegible] accepted, and Mrs. Wilkins, ten days after, [illegible] made Mrs. Dent.

Some years have r[illegible] by since the incidents above related took [illegible], during that time five little pledges of Mrs. [illegible]ent's affection have been presented to Jeremy; [illegible] he declares he never had such a jewel of a w[illegible] in his life before, forgetting she is the only [illegible] he ever had. They reside in a very neat [illegible] in a retired street, and your humble servant [illegible] he wishes to pass a pleasant evening, d[illegible] to see, and be amused by Jeremy Dent, hi[illegible] "Fellow Boarder."

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

"TIME."

In answer to Mr. Barrett's Stanzas in the Saturday Evening Post of the 1st inst.

What tho' all conq'ring Time with ruthless hand,
Spreads desolation o'er a weeping land,
And bids each moment steal some dear delight,
What tho' each swift wing'd hour by his behests,
Some charm attracts, some new-born joy arrests,
Some blessing robs from mortals in its flight?

Yet while that hand, with ever toiling care,
Deforms with death and change the vari'd year,
Still many a heart-felt joy to him we owe;
Each soul transporting extacy that springs,
From renovation's cheerful smile he brings,
And joys, while yet he kills, existence to bestow.

He bids each charm, which since Creation's birth,
Revolving still, has bless'd the joyful earth,
Bedeck'd by him a novel look assume,
Adorn'd with every fair, and youthful grace,
By Heaven's own hand impress'd in nature's face,
When Spring unfolds her gay luxuriant bloom.

See! still his hand each fleeting charm renews;
Still hangs the glist'ning twig with pearly dews,
And still their lustre lightly sweeps away;
Still faithful brings, the sweet return of dawn;
Still gilds with golden ray, rock, hill, and lawn;
From radiant noon, till gently falling day.

And when soft Evening comes, in crimson vest,
Display'd by him, her glories shine confest,
In all the pomp of Sol's departing beams;
He lights the glowing firmament on high,
And pours the moon-beam on the raptur'd eye,
Where, thro' the grove, its twinkling lustre gleams.

Thus sweet vicissitude of night and day,
"Spring-time and harvest," autumn's rich array,
And gloomy winter's cold and dreary change,
Some charm of novelty in turn possess,
By sweet variety impower'd to bless,
And form for man, an endless varying range.

'T is TIME, the oblivious drop on grief can pour;
And steal from mem'ry, many a painful hour,
Which brooding sorrow, fondly would retain.
Oh! grateful think! how oft his healing balm,
Pours o'er the wounded soul, a pleasing calm,
Where reason's boasted powers might strive in vain!

EMILY.

THE STRANGER PATRON.

BY WILLIAM J. THOMS.

"This is no mortal business."—*Shakespeare.*

The setting sun, tinted with his golden beams, the bright vine leaves that clustered luxuriantly round the window of the studio in which Giulio Arnolfo, the ablest sculptor in Florence, studied and practised those principles of art by means of which he hoped to gain at last, that far distant and uncertain reward of genius—the admiration of posterity; and the valley by which Florence is surrounded, lighted by his gorgeous splendor, presented a scene so perfectly beautiful and picturesque, that it had succeeded in withdrawing for a time Giulio's attention from the model he was then about to finish, and his thoughts from that dearer object on which they were more frequently employed—his beloved Berta.

While he gazed with the passionate intensity of an artist on the surrounding landscape glowing in the brilliancy of departing day, and on the distant hills, whose various heights and situations contributed by the diversity of their colors to complete the beauty of a scene calculated to inspire deep feelings of poetry and devotion, the hum of the busy city, the gentle murmur of the Arno meandering in its peaceful course, and the vesper chimes of the neighboring churches and monasteries, plunged him into a deep and sorrowful reverie. He at length aroused himself. "It is indeed very beautiful, and yet I cannot gaze on it without sadness: something oppresses me, some undefinable feelings of sorrow mysteriously arises from this vast field of beauty to weigh down my naturally buoyant spirits. Strange, that the contemplation of such magnificence should at once delight the eye by its brightness, and plunge the soul into despondency by the dark and hidden fancies which it gives rise to! But a truce to such folly; I must to Berta, if she miss her walk, I shall return ungladdened by her smiles and thanks, which outvalue all the fine feelings in Italy." So saying he was about to leave the apartment, when the door opened, and he was prevented by the entrance of a stranger.

He was a man of noble appearance, who, by the dignity and refinement of his manners more than by his commanding figure and richness of apparel, impressed upon his beholders the conviction of his superior rank. Though somewhat past the prime of life, his step had not lost its elasticity, nor was the original vigor of his frame diminished; and his countenance, which bespoke a calm and philosophic endurance of the ills of this world, possessed at the same time an indescribable expression of power and benevolence, calculated to procure for him alternately fear and reverence. He was dressed in mourning, but the materials of his habit were of the most costly nature; and a diamond cross, which was suspended to a broad crimson riband round his neck, shone in mournful though brilliant contrast to his otherwise sombre costume. Giulio, who at first imagined the interruption might have proceeded from the arrival of one of the many idlers who frequented the studio of the artist, apparently less for the purpose of purchasing than of retarding their productions, was about to protest against being detained, when he was arrested by the superior demeanor of his visiter, whose appearance seemed to promise the only recompense which could be made for delaying his visit to Berta—the probability of his becoming a patron, and one of rank and affluence.

The stranger commenced the conversation: "Signor Arnolfo, though hitherto personally unknown to me, I am acquainted with you through your productions, more especially one which has established your claim to the character of an enlightened and accomplished artist." Arnolfo bowed—"I mean the Wounded Cupid, in the collection of the Palazzo ——. Impressed with admiration of your abilities, I have selected you as the artist by whom a sepulchral group, solemn in its design, and sad in its import, must be executed." "Must be—there is little need of must be, when both fame and gold are to be had for the trial," responded Arnolfo to himself; but his visiter proceeded. "The design is that of a youth mourning over the dead body of his betrothed—the figures are to be the size of life; the price five thousand crowns, and the time of completion this day twelvemonth. Any alterations you may suggest except as regards that point, I am not only willing but anxious to receive, but upon that I am determined—by this day next year the figures must be completed."

"Plague on his must be," again muttered Arnolfo, then addressing the Stranger, said: "Signor, proud as I am of the task which you have been pleased to assign to me, I am still more so from the consciousness of having obtained that distinction by the former exertion of my humble talents, and will endeavor to prove my sense of your kindness by the punctuality and zeal with which I will obey your behest."—"I do not doubt it, Signor Arnolfo, but as I leave Florence immediately, and shall not return till the twelvemonth is expired, pray give me your ideas upon the interesting work which I have proposed to you." "Willingly; and the more so as I should prefer for a subject, should you concur with me, a lover watching his expiring mistress, for of two distressing ideas, an amiable and affectionate maiden sunk in a placid sleep, the type and harbinger of death, eagerly and attentively watched by an afflicted lover, in whose countenance is painted the horrible conflicts of love, anguish, hope, and despair, is less heart-rending, than to see the pallid corse of all of earthly that he ever loved, gazed on by the chosen of her heart, with love for what it has been and with horror at what it is—cold unfeeling clay, a tenant for the noisome grave and food for the worms of earth. I am perhaps hazarding a conjecture on the arrangement of the group, which may not accord with the object to which it is intended to apply it when finished.—Pray, Signor, what may that be?" "Time will show," replied the Stranger, "in the meanwhile let it be as you propose; there is but little difference between the glazed eye of the dying and the closed eye of the dead, yet slight as it is, the here and the hereafter wait upon the change. I will now show you my idea of the positions into which I think the figures should be thrown:"—so saying, he took up a crayon and hastily sketched upon the wall, a rough but masterly outline of the design. The spirit which pervaded this trifling performance increased the astonishment which seized the youthful artist when he remarked, that though every line was correct and expressive of the action of the group, the heads of both figures were wanting. "I fear me, Signor," said Arnolfo, "that my work will fall far short of what so great a master of the art would wish, yet spite of my fears I must acknowledge myself greatly obliged for this specimen of your skill, and for the study which it will save me; believe me, I do not mean to flatter you, but *I feel that in embodying that idea I shall produce a masterpiece.*"

"Your commendation is flattering," replied the Stranger, "I had but intended to assist, not to dictate your management of the work." "Pardon me," continued Giulio, whose admiration and wonder increased as he contemplated the sketch; "pardon me," but I would fain know why one so talented has omitted the heads of the figures; surely you who have told the subjects by the headless trunks, have other reasons than fear of failure in the countenances for this omission." "Oh there are many and good reasons for that, Signor Arnolfo, and perhaps none better than that I have improved upon the Grecian who veiled the face, whose passions he dared not attempt to paint, and so have left them entirely to the imagination of the spectator. But the evening is fast closing; are my terms such as you could wish?" Giulio, who was overwhelmed by his liberality, expressed himself in the warmest terms of gratitude, and promised that his wishes should be attended to in every respect. "Here then is thy reward, Signor Arnolfo, but remember thy task must be finished by this day twelvemonth. Fare thee well!" so saying, and having thrown a purse well filled with gold upon the table, the Stranger took his departure.

The astonished Giulio immediately returned to the examination of the drawing on the wall, the beauty and truth of which plunged him into an ecstacy of admiration and delight. The more he gazed the greater was the wonder which it produced in him, but when at the highest pitch of enthusiastic excitement he recollected the emphatic manner in which his new patron had insisted upon the design being completed by a certain time, his mysterious bearing, and the circumstance of his waving all explanation of the purpose for which the statue was intended, he felt considerable repugnance to the undertaking, and would, if his visiter had not left him, have been inclined to throw aside the golden opportunity which presented itself, and to decline the newly offered patronage despite the liberal reward attendant upon his exertions.

These circumstances contributed to allay the joy which he would otherwise have felt at the prospect of being shortly united to Berta, the possession of so large a sum removing the only obstacle to their union which existed; and though the sight of the purse which remained untouched upon the table excited pleasing and brilliant hopes within his breast, the events of the evening appeared so mysterious and unintelligible, that on the consideration of them he relapsed into the fit of melancholy from which he had scarcely roused himself at the entrance of his visiter, and which was renewed with increased force at his departure.

But Giulio's was a restless and vacillating spirit; and by the time he had hastily cleared up his studio, arranged like a very lover his attire, and arrived at the dwelling of his Berta, he had shaken off the gloom which enveloped his mind, and was all light and air at the tidings he was about to communicate.

Glad and joyous that night was the meeting of Giulio and Berta, for it was the first in which, with any well founded hope, they had deliberated upon plans of future happiness. The more than womanly mildness of Berta was shown in the deep-felt silence and grateful tears by which she evinced her delight and satisfaction at the brilliant prospect which now opened before them; while Giulio, ever enthusiastic and impetuous, revelled midst hastily formed schemes of future conduct, and visionary ideas of never ending enjoyment.

Wild and incoherent were the fancies which floated before his heated imagination: now would he purchase a villa on the banks of the Arno, where the presence of his Berta should cheer and encourage him in his studies; and now he determined not to quit Florence, but enjoy with her the society to which he hoped his talents would introduce them; and as he hastily and impetuously expressed his quickly changing thoughts, the flash of his eye, the rapidity of his utterance, the very tone of his voice were so peculiar and expressive, that they seemed the result of that unearthly joy which old crones and dotards pronounce to be the infallible and fatal token of a doomed man.

The hour of parting at length arrived, and though while at the side of Berta, the youthful sculptor felt loth to say—good night; yet the farewell once uttered, he was all impatience to retrace his steps, and ere he sought his couch to gaze once more on the drawing of his new patron. Though he viewed it with increased admiration, envy gradually found an entrance into his bosom, and whispered him that his reputation might be tarnished if it were known that instead of supporting the dignity of the artist and exercising his own imagination, he had consented to become a copyist by adopting the ideas of another.

Actuated by these feelings, he was from that moment continually employed in designing and new modelling the subject, yet though the thought of executing it in the manner which he had almost promised became daily more insupportable, it seemed as if for want of being satisfied with any production of his own, he should at last be compelled to do so. His creative powers appeared suddenly to have abandoned him; his ideas, which once crowded upon him, seemed to have fled at the moment when their presence was most needed; and instead of, as they were wont, answering his beck in bright and airy throngs, they now rose slowly and laboriously before his exhausted fancy. Yes, in spite of the study and meditation which he had expended upon them, every fresh sketch seemed more faulty than its predecessor. This wanted expression, that wanted grace; in one the figures were too stiff, in another they were unskilfully arranged; in short, strive as he would, the original design remained unrivalled.

Months passed away in this manner, and the commission of his patron, hitherto uncommenced, now appeared less likely than ever to be completed; for Berta, who had inherited from her mother a weak frame and delicate constitution, had latterly evinced alarming symptoms of a rapid consumption.

This circumstance was fatal to Giulio's studies; he felt that he should not long possess her, and anxious to sooth her by his kindness, and alleviate her sufferings by his tenderness, he was unremitting in his attendance upon her, gratifying all her wishes and anticipating all her wants.

It was at the close of a warm spring day, that Berta, reclining on a couch, was left to the care of her afflicted and desponding Giulio; a small lamp burning before an image of the Virgin shed a tremulous light over the apartment, and the cool gales of evening wafted through the veil-like curtains of the window, lulled her to that repose, which her exhausted state required, but which had been denied to her by the oppressive heat of the day. While Giulio gazed on the pale and faded cheek which had but a few weeks before seemed to him the roundest and rosiest that ever gladdened the eye of an admirer, his heart sunk within him, when he reflected in how few and quickly fleeting hours the frail and beauteous form, in whom all his happiness was centered, would perish like its rivals the sweet flowers of spring; and how that with her all his dreams of joy would pass away, and leave him to a waking as replete with wo, as his visions had been with bliss.

By such agonising thoughts as these was his mind distracted and his whole frame agitated. His bosom swelled with the extremity of his grief, and the tears started to his eye-lids; still not one sigh had he power to breathe, not one tear could he shed to relieve his sufferings and alleviate his distress. Care-worn and heart-broken with the attention of a nurse and the affection of a husband, he bent over his exhausted Berta, whose mind wandering in her sleep to the the recollection of those by-gone moments, when made happy by the assurance of requited affection, their hearts were exchanged and vows of eternal constancy mutually plighted, she gained temporary strength from the excitement, and as she slept exclaimed, with all the energy of fondness, "And will you *always* love me, Giulio?"

What Giulio's sensations were when he heard that overwhelming evidence of affection few can tell: he felt as if at that moment the extremes of bliss and misery were centered in his breast: painful and terrible was the struggle which checked the involuntary expression of his feelings; a faintness came over him; stupor was rapidly overwhelming him; but the tears poured down his rugged cheeks—he wept—and in the midst of sorrow was comforted that the rest of the sleeper remained undisturbed. But the hour of his trial was not yet passed away: his mind, already tortured beyond the ordinary limits of human endurance, was destined to undergo the still further suffering on the rack of blighted affection. While he yet wept and remained immoveable through the weight of his affliction, his eyes wandered unconsciously round the apartment, and when they reached the wall whereon the shadows of himself and Berta were reflected, he was filled with horror at perceiving that the dark outline presented a surprising and fearful resemblance to the design of the stranger. Great and terrible was the shock, which it gave him and the overpowering impression that the hand of Providence had guided the mysterious events of the last few months, rushed upon his mind and harrowed it.

Horrified at this awful indication of his approaching destiny, consciousness gradually forsook him, and after a few moments spent in a struggle for mastery over his feelings, he fell senseless to the floor; and thus hastened the catastrophe which his distracted fancy had anticipated.

The noise of his fall, which brought her brother Giacomo and the nurse into the chamber, likewise awakened Berta, and the sudden alarm which it occasioned her, brought on all the worse symptoms of her complaint to that degree that Giulio was necessarily left unheeded, while their attentions were directed to the assistance of Berta; but in vain. She was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and the exertion proved fatal to her: her frame already attenuated by the rapid progress of the disease could offer no further resistance, and the rupture of a blood vessel placed her beyond the reach of mortal suffering.

Wonderful are the ways of Providence, and the powers of human nature. Giulio, whose grief had hitherto been most immoderate, and whose returning senses communicated to him fresh causes for indulging in it, bore without a tear this sudden bereavement, and he who a few hours before felt assured that nothing could afford him consolation under such an event, was able almost immediately to comfort and condole with her fond and unhappy brother. So true it is, that he who sendeth afflictions will enable us to bear up against them, and will "temper the wind to the shorn lamb."

It was a sad sight, when a band of maidens clothed in their funeral robes of white, bore the lamented Berta to her grave; and as they scattered flowers upon the coffin many of the spectators wept and said, "Alas! death has cropped the sweetest flower in Florence."

Giacomo, loud in his grief, and exhausted by his continual lamentations, was obliged to lean for support upon the arm of Giulio, who proceeded with an undaunted step and an undimmed eye to the grave in which they were about to lay the remains of his betrothed. Many marvelled when they saw his placid demeanor; but none believed it to result from indifference or want of feeling, and though they knew not the cause, they felt assured that a sufficient one existed.

At the close of this imposing ceremony Giulio returned to his studio, as if to banish all recollection of his misfortunes by the resumption of his long neglected pursuits, upon which he apparently entered with an increased enthusiasm, seldom quitting his retirement but when forced by the summons of a friend, and carefully excluding from it all his accustomed visiters. A settled and gloomy melancholy appeared to possess him; and as his friends saw from time to time how thin and emaciated he became, they regretted that he gave himself up to such incessant application. Early and late was he employed: the noon-day passenger watched him as he passed, and the houseless wanderer was cheered by the rays of his midnight lamp.

This was, however, a course which could not long continue; and it happened that Giacomo, who was an accomplished painter, wishing to consult him upon a point of art, was surprised by Giulio's not attending to the signal which he had given to such friends as he desired to hold communion with. The signal was twice or thrice repeated, and with as little effect as before; Giacomo alarmed at the circumstance called loudly upon him to open the door. "Arnolfo, my dear friend, I wish to see you: pray answer me; if you are too busy, tell me when you will be at leisure, and I will come again." Still he received no reply. Fearful of the cause of this continued silence, he applied his shoulder to the door, and succeeded in bursting it open. What was his astonishment, when he beheld Arnolfo, resting his head upon his hand, apparently, asleep, before a splendid and newly finished monument! He attempted to arouse the artist, but the icy coldness of his hand told to the terrified Giacomo that Giulio Arnolfo, the sculptor, slept in death.

At the foot of the monument in which, though modelled after a drawing on the wall of the apartment, Giacomo speedily recognised the figures of his sister and Giulio, lay the open tablets of the latter, and in the first leaf was written:

"To my dear Friend and Brother, Giacomo.

By the love I bore toward your sister, by the esteem I bear toward yourself, I implore you to comply with the last wishes of your dying friend. Let me be laid in the same grave with my beloved Berta, and place over us the tomb which, thanks to the blessed Virgin, I have lived to finish. As for the gold, the wages of death, expend it I beseech you in deeds of charity, and in masses for the souls of your ill-fated sister and friend. Fear not that its return will ever be demanded from you, for from whom I had it was no dweller upon earth. Farewell! as you would have my spirit rest in peace, obey my bidding. Farewell.

G. A."

The doubts which Giacomo might otherwise have felt as to obeying the wishes of his friend, were, however, removed the evening before his interment. A stranger, enveloped in a travelling cloak, knocked loudly at the door and inquired for Signor Arnolfo. Giacomo irritated at the indecency of thus disturbing the house of mourning, hastened out, with the intention of reprimanding the intruder, but was checked by finding, in answer to his questions, that he was the mysterious visiter whose commission had been attended with such fatal results. Giacomo accordingly explained to him the unfortunate circumstances which had attended his former visit, and begging that the tomb might be applied agreeably to the wishes of the artist, offered to return the purchase money to the stranger, who, seemingly shocked at the events which had taken place, declined receiving it, and expressed great anxiety that it might be disposed of as the deceased had specified, then bidding Giacomo, a kind though hasty farewell, he took his departure, and was heard of no more.

This monument, which was long visited for the beauty of its design and execution, and the interesting history connected with it, is, however, no longer in existence. In the year 17— when the church in which it was placed was fired by lightning, it shared the fate of many noble memorials of the affection and skill of former times, which were then mingled with the dust they were intended to perpetuate: and in these pages remains the only record of 'The Sculptor of Florence and THE STRANGER PATRON.'

PAST AND PRESENT.

In earlier days, in happier hours,
I watch'd and wander'd with the sun:
I saw him when the east was red,
I saw him when the day was dead,
All his earthly journey done!
Looks of love were in the west,
But he pass'd, and took no rest!
O'er the immeasurable blue!
Across the rain, amidst the blast,
Onward and onward, like a god,
Through the trackless air he trod,
Scattering bounties as he pass'd,
By the portals of the west,
And never shut his eyes in rest!
Oh! how—in those too happy hours—
How deeply then did I adore
The bright unwearied sleepless sun,
And wish—just thus my course to run,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
My deeds thus good, thus known, thus bright,
Thus undisturb'd by rest or night.
But now,—since I have heard and seen
The many cares that trouble life,
The evil that requiteth good,
The benefits not understood,
Unfilial, unpaternal strife,
The hate, the lie, the bitter jest,
I feel how sweet are night and rest.
And, oh! what morning ever look'd
So lovely as the quiet eve,
When low and fragrant winds arise
And draw the curtains of the skies,
And gentle songs of summer weave;
Such as between the alders creep
Now, and soothe my soul to sleep!

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

ANTIDOTE TO DISCONTENT.

There is a strong disposition in mankind to be dissatisfied, and a propensity to find fault, which under some circumstances, are exceedingly remarkable. Taken as a nation, as communities, as societies, or as individuals, we are almost constantly complaining—constantly repining at our situations—constantly uttering anathemas against the causes which destroy our peace, and forever seeking a change. It matters not what foundation we have for complaints—or whether they be real or imaginary. If any really exist, they are seized upon with avidity, magnified and wrought up, until we ourselves are alarmed, and shudder at the ruin which is about overwhelming us. But if no cause of unhappiness can be found to exist, then our distempered imaginations conjure up some *bug-bear* to terrify us, and destroy our quiet. Anxiously is it nursed, cherished and fostered!

It is often not a little amusing to notice the difficulty of obtaining suitable subjects for complaints, and how frequently direct opposites are taken up and abused. In summer, even in this temperate climate, we are loud in our complaints against the heat—we assert the weather to be hotter than it ever was before—human nature cannot endure it—and to escape being melted down we hurry away to watering and bathing places, from which we return a little cooled off, but to resume, in a short time, our murmurings of discontent. With all our dissatisfaction, how trifling are the sufferings we endure, compared with those incidental to a vertical sun! In winter the tune is changed, and cold is the subject of our growling song.—Then we muffle up in cloaks and furs, closet ourselves in heated parlors, and sit for hours before ignited coal. With all these precautions our limbs and our energies are frozen—and again we are for moving—not to the Sea Shore or to Saratoga—but to some more genial clime. Surely the inhabitants of Lapland would look with contempt on our race, were they aware of our complaints on this score!

As a nation we are dissatisfied, and our dissatisfaction is still more unreasonable and absurd. We enjoy the blessings of peace, which alone should make us happy. While the bloody standard of Mars is traversing unhappy Europe, and carrying desolation in its train—sweeping thousands from the earth, and leaving thousands to send up the wail of the widow and the orphan—we are in the midst of plenty—are rapidly becoming wealthy and powerful, and on the score of prosperity stand unrivalled. There is no cause for unhappiness here—no pestilence is scourging our hills and our vallies with the besom of destruction—striking terror into the hearts of bereaved fathers, mothers and friends! Our numerous population are not famishing for the want of food; boiling sea weed for a scanty morsel of nutriment; drinking the warm blood of living animals, or taking up the seeds of the ensuing harvest. We have no abandoned and profligate soldiery to fire on us, as if we were worse than the brute creation; nor no cruel masters, under the sanction of the law and the church, to rob us of our hard earnings. And yet we are dissatisfied!

Unfortunately for our country, we have a few among us who are utterly incapable of appreciating their present happy condition—who in spite of reason and the efforts of kindness, will be perverse—and who not content to destroy their own happiness, seek to injure that of others.

What reasonable American can desire a more satisfactory and prosperous state of things than at present exist? Even supposing, for the sake of argument, that some of us labor under trifling grievances, who, let us ask, complains of being kept down by enormous taxes? Where are our standing armies, insulting the liberties of the civilian, and flattering and rioting on his substance? Where are our titled gentry, drawing their thousands and millions to support them in idleness, arrogance and oppression? When has the celebration of the birth day of our King and Queen cost us 100,000 pounds? When have our rulers told us we have no right to think—no right to deliberate for ourselves? Let all discontented factionists, wherever they be found, answer these questions. This being done satisfactorily, we submit to their consideration a sketch of the *Existing System in England*. This "lays taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot; taxes upon every thing which is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, and taste; taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion; taxes on every thing on earth and the waters under the earth; on every thing that comes from abroad, or is grown at home; taxes on the raw material; taxes on every value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health, on the ermine which decorates the Judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal; on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride; at bed or at board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The school boy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine which has paid seven per cent. into a spoon which paid fifteen per cent. throws himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid twenty-two per cent. makes his will on an 8*l.* stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid 100*l.* for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble, and he is then gathered to his fathers, to be taxed no more."

B.

Saturday Evening Post.

NOVEMBER 18, 1826.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$1 50 at the end of six months—$2 if not paid in advance before the end of the year.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—For half square 16 cents for the first insertion, and 10 cents for each subsequent insertion—for a square 25 cents the first insertion, and 15 cents every subsequent insertion—for a year or a quarter, with the privilege of changing frequently.

Communications may be addressed to the Editor, post paid, and will be duly attended to.

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Agents will please remember their letters with their names and residence.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post-office unless the postage is paid.

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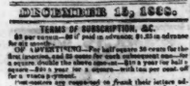
THE SILK CULTURE.



From the Northampton Herald.

THE SILK CULTURE.

It is surprising that more of our people do not engage in the business, and thereby add to the accumulated for on the ground that they are already profitably employed in some other business, or else will not take pains to inform themselves of the simple and profitable manner in which the new business may be conducted. We saw, on Wednesday, at the store of Mr. John Pidgeon, in this town, enough of neat, several thousand cocoons, which have been busily employed all this week in spinning their covers. A correspondent in the country of the silk, reeled last season, was also shown us by the lady of Mr. Toppan, on which a very handsome was obtained at the exhibition of manufactures last year, and for which a premium was awarded to the article. The silk was all the produce of the white mulberry, except a small portion, which was easily distinguished, of the Multicaulis leaf, which was the produce of the common black mulberry. This last is, no doubt, equally good for sewing silk as any other, but probably could not to so good advantage all be applied to any other purpose.

The process of rearing and feeding the worms, and reeling that of reeling the cocoons, is so simple and easy, and would form such a desirable and pleasing employment for children and females, that we cannot but regret our surprise, that the Yankees, who are ever on the alert to turn an honest penny, do not make greater progress in this business.

The value of American silk exceeds the imported raw silk, not only in lustre, but strength of fibre, and the small comparative waste in the manufactures; and is probably 25 per cent. in value over the imported article; and yet it has been satisfactorily demonstrated in Connecticut and eighteen parts of the country, that raw silk can be produced at a cost of $1 50 per pound, which will readily sell at from $4 to $7 per pound. The quality and value of the silk depending on the skill and perfection in reeling.

Some gentlemen assert that an acre of land planted with the Morus multicaulis, will give sufficient food for the support of one box of silk worms, and as three thousand cocoons make one pound of silk, one acre will make 333⅓ pounds of silk. It will be seen at once from this that the profit must be very handsome, even if we suppose three communities the business should not be able to produce the silk so cheaply as is done in Connecticut, where they have more experience in the matter.

A individual of high respectability, in New York, is stated, at the request of the editor of the Cultivator, to have made thorough experiments for the purpose of ascertaining the most profitable diet of an acre. He made 100 pounds or raw silk from an acre the first year of setting out the Chinese mulberry, and by strict economy of time, labor and expense, although he gathered the leaves per week and leased to two experienced females, as teachers in gathering foliage, feeding worms and reeling silk, he found that his silk cost him only two dollars the pound, and estimates his silk worth at least six to seven dollars the pound, on account of the excellency of the reeling.

We are firm believers in the success of the silk culture in the United States, and that principally in consequence that twelve or fifteen million dollars per annum should be paid for this article in foreign countries. As to the fear that said against it by theorists, we have stubborn facts to oppose, and those who are disposed to be discouraged by sanguinary difficulties, we would refer to the numerous and pamphlets published at the time when the cultivation of the cotton plant was commenced in the United States, to see how much was said and written to prove the views of the cotton planters a mere chimera. The result has shown who was correct; and if the silk raisers proceed as steadily and resolutely as did the planters of that day, similar success will crown their efforts. Their exertions will be rewarded by the comfort of themselves, and a lasting benefit to their country.

In speaking of Mr. Toppan's silk growing experiment, in which he engaged rather as an amusement than a source of profit, we are disposed to say a word concerning his grounds. On looking over them we were forcibly reminded of the remark of some one, we believe it was Mr. Jefferson, that ten acre farms are the most profitable. Here on six acres of land, Mr. Toppan raises a luxurious living, with comparatively little labor, and free from the numberless vexations which attend the merchant, the professional man and the manufacturer at every step. He not only maintains his family in comfort and independence, but he has abundance of leisure during a large portion of the year; has a well stocked library, takes a daily paper, and several weekly and agricultural journals, besides periodicals; and we doubt not, though it would be of little importance to have asked the question, lays up money, besides all this. Unfavorable as was the season the two or three last seasons, he has raised his own breadstuffs, and a variety of vegetables sufficient to pay all household expenditures,—The year he last, we should judge, about no acre—and a half of which is still advancing, and will, no doubt, yield him 40 bushels: an acre of corn which will produce 50 or 60 bushels; an acre of potatoes, and nearly as much devoted to oats: the remainder is occupied by garden vegetables. And yet this land it by no means in a high state of cultivation; and some additional labor, and a trifle more of expense, would easily do. in the aggregate of the crops.

We want acres of land to all thus sustain him, where is the man, who so long as God shall bless him with health, may not attain all the comforts, and notions of adverse fortune, and treat them as but the small dust of the balance? Why need he then hear and feel so much of poverty? it is not because there is not sufficient for all, but because there is not just prosperity organized, and the social system still stands in need of great reform.

From the Daily Evening News.

OUR COUNTRY—RURAL TRADE.

The economical conditions of Morse Multicaulis suits almost every region and interest of our country, and the capital would, enterprise and competition introduced in its cultivation, is now an object of the deepest interest and solicitude. Many gentlemen have been made to thereby selling trees of a few months growth for enormous prices, and thousands more are filled with them, in the middle and Northern States, annually sold abroad, principally to the West Indies, and the skill and ingenuity of Americans have been successfully exerted in the production of new and important machinery for weeding the raw material from the coarse and useless parts of the plant. The *Morus Multicaulis* annually yields an immense weight of tender leaves. The augmentation of silk would still increase be in proportion; while it must in obvious that only a little more capital is wanted, to follow the native product will yield a sufficient supply for the support of hundreds of extensive manufactories. If cotton can increased to its present extraordinary amount in 30 years—why not silk? Everybody believe that the growth of our silk trade will be even more rapid, and much larger; for the plant means that the use of silk is not confined to the wants of our territory or to for its cultivation, there is now prevailed in the climate of various regions.

The average annual imports of manufactured silk goods into the United States, taking a round of the last four years, will be found to amount to about $18,000,000 per annum. Nearly the whole of this sum worms are hardly under way will be made in our own country, and thus add to the wealth and comforts of industrious families. If we turn to France, we shall find the same encouragement to silk has been for several centuries one of the chief resources of her industrious population. In the city of Lyons alone, silk are annually made worth $30,000,000; besides the extensive fabrics of Genoa, Montpelier and other cities. In England, where it has been established but little more than a century, to an considerable extent, we see it already grown into one of the grandest manufacturing supports of the British Empire. According to the latest returns that have reached from country the British Silk Manufactories employ no less than 207,360 persons, consisting of men, women and children. The wages paid to them amount to $17,966,400 annually. The raw silk introduced from the East Indies, China, Italy, France, &c. is 4,500,000 pounds, worth $61,000, and the exports of manufactured silk goods to foreign countries $6,000,000 out of 60,000,000 per annum.

From these countries then, we may learn the value and immense importance of introducing the silk culture into this country; and we are of opinion that the talents, skill and ingenuity of our people, would soon place it on a secure foundation, and make it one of the most important matters of the world.

This however, is not to be left for the most important features in the future prospects of American fortune.

While we manufacture at home, we shall at the same time be in a condition to send the raw material abroad—we finally relieve cheaper, for cheaper can be produced in a country where labor is cheap, more extensive, our enterprise greater, our soil more productive, and our commercial facilities for cheap transport at a day's notice, in any and every European port. In all these respects we possess advantages that no other country.

For instance, Great Britain cannot grow silk owing to its climate, and is therefore dependent upon other countries; it cannot from her Asiatic colonies or other countries. France can raise silk, but not cheaply, owing to the want of the silk-producing mulberry proper passes either ships or commercial ports; but are dependent on the ships of strangers.

Such being the case, we have every prospect ahead, to cheer the cultivator of mulberry trees and silk, in the pleasing prospect of realizing a fair profit for labor of some persons, for the last few weeks, to the production of silk, and as well as the raw materials—mild and reasonably moderating—the "Multicaulis" will be found extremely valuable. We have seen from all who reach upon the subject; and for the obvious purpose of making it as short as possible, as possible, my profusion, that many who contract it, have been disappointed in their plants by not attending to some of the simple preliminary precautions, and then only at the option of the publisher.

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To the editors of the New York Daily Express —the same paper my old friend Mr. Dwight printed issue of 1826.

NEW YORK, last of Nov. 1826.

GENTLEMEN,—Last fall, my business having been considerably put back in little out, owing to the sickness of my wife, up down and about her, so as to make her equal to the British folks —the "Great Western," and to Europe, I have had no time to look about me of late, or take much of a hand in any other public matter; but now I am about to commence, and I will tell you where, and I have just got to a long and sad letter from my old friend Dwight, of Hog Hollow crop'd and wants me to come on to Washington this winter, and help him out. Now, gentlemen, this *his bees* is full of rats—and also that the *Abolitionists*, the Sub-Treasurers, the *hard currency folks*, and a variety of the Clubs—and there is no doubt but what he says if I will only come on and stand by him he will go through with flying colors—he has got the nails, and so forth. Now there never was the time yet that I ever let *one* be down on a friend if I could get to him; and so I'll let the folks here tinker at the safety valves and steam kettles—and I'll go to Washington and I'll go to Virginia and lend *Uncle Sam* and Congress a hand for a spell.

There are no two things in all creation I like as well as fleeing to a congress; and I would say that there are no two things to any country that stand so poor a chance as *rats* and *humbugs*—of a congress of the United States, I mean. I am acting on "second sober thoughts," as an Uncle of mine used to say, when he got a drop too much on board, and I have told'd him the first thing to be done is to look out for the rats, and the next one to secure the services of all the best *terriers* in the country, and get on in good readiness to start the first of the year. I will go to Washington and look about for the rats, and I will also know how to station themselves and not fight each other. I will get a strong trap—that I could rely on such as old *Snap* and *Cincher*, and *Tiger*, and *Bull-dog*, and *Bull-dog Junior*, and *Tinker*, and such like for I have tried em all and I will have a trap that can't escape, once in a while any of these be wont *know* his teeth from his tail arter one squeak. All these old rats will be caught and killed, and I will get a rat rant for a long while, for whenever they see the difference twixt sound common sense and the rantings and ravings of the Clubs, and dust raised that there was no seeing Uncle Sam and his friends for the dust, they will say that they will be differently managed! I hope this time, and we don't mean to make many mice about it.

Arter flushing off that business and hushing that up for good and all, I will know trouble is coming and then one shake and a squeak and that will be the last of

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, December 15, 1838.

☞ On our fourth page, will be found an extract from the medical volume, entitled, "The Conscious Mechanic, by Charles Godfrey."

We anticipated our regular day of publication, in order to present the Saturday Evening Post on Wednesday morning, for the purpose of laying before our readers the annual message of the President to Congress as early as possible.

We shall then enter upon a series of proceedings unprecedented in Pennsylvania, if not in the U. States, since the organization of the Commonwealth; proceedings as disgraceful as they are injurious, the consequences of which will probably be lasting, and of incalculable damage to the institutions of this country, as they will affect our reputation at home and abroad, and greatly impair confidence in the stability of our institutions.

We have had the advantage for many years past of some millions of foreign capital to work upon, which amount has been constantly increasing, by new investments in our wealth of various kinds up to the present time; by means of which our institutions and internal improvements have pressed forward with unprecedented rapidity, proving in every redundancy and the advantages to be derived from the "Credit system."

Although the employment of European capital, and the consequent interest of interest in the "European aristocrats," has given a handle to many political demagogues to raise the popular cry of the ignorant and ignorant, these same persons, when wishing for loans from banks and other institutions, requiring money, have been among the foremost to apply for foreign aid, and to the willingness of particularly of foreigners,—and the withdrawal of foreign capital will have the effect to prostrate many of our works, as it is well known that we have not sufficient capital of our own in this country to sustain them.

A mob awaits our houses of Legislature, and prevents the legislature from performing the business. As in the days of the French "Reign of Terror"—that many headed monster takes the law into its own hands, and intimidates threats of violence and personal injury against obnoxious administrators of the government, and offers to decide by the summary *Lynch code* the difficult questions of legal right as well as of expediency.

Unfortunately the last two years have been prominent in this course of popular violence. A mob has for the last two years set themselves the "friends of the people," and by intimidation appeals to the passions of their followers, induce them to commit abuses in the name of the rights, which the honest and the great majority disapprove of. It is the new fashioned doctrines of democracy, inculcated by military chieftains, and demagogue leaders, "that *the people* must right their wrongs with their own hands," that the mighty confederacy has the most reason to fear, and intestine mobs will in all probability make an end of our free institutions, as they have done with nearly all republics ancient and modern.

Our laws, we believe, contain all the ingredients of justice and right to individuals, parties and commonwealths, but if hired bullies and ruffians are permitted to take the execution of them in their own way, and to be the arbiters, will, brute strength and passion to maintain order, right, and honest opinion, as their exclusive pretensions, then may we bid adieu to wholesome regulations, and to liberty.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"*Sketches by Boz*," No. 6, with two plates by Yeager, published by LEA & BLANCHARD, has been received.

We have received the first number of the "*Temperance Herald*" published at Ann Arbor Michigan, which is the first paper of the kind ever issued in that section of the country. It is well conducted and will be productive of much good.

"*The Common School Journal*" vol. 1, No. 1 published at Boston, by MANN, CARTER & LINCOLN, is devoted to the cause of the Common Education of knowledge among the people, and correct the errors and imperfections palpably evident in our present system.

"*Mary Raymond and other Tales, by the authoress of "Mother and Daughters &c. &c.*" in two volumes, published by LEA & BLANCHARD. This is an agreeable work, containing some excellent sketches, well adapted to amuse the reader, and beautifully occupy the leisure of the long winter evenings.

"*The American Medical Library and Intelligencer*" for December, vol. 2, No. 17, just published by ADAM WALDIE.

Contents of Library:—Continuation of Dr. Thomas Hodgkin's Lectures on the Morbid Anatomy of the Serous Membranes.

A Treatise on the Diseases and injuries of the Larynx and Trachea, by Frederic Ryland, Surgeon of the Town Infirmary, Birmingham.

The Intelligencer has Physiology of the Iris by James Bolton, M. D.: a case of successful operation for the Aldactor Lesque Formosus, made for Dafronity, by P. F. Eve, M. D. of the Medical College, Geo.; Philadelphia Hospital reports; Granville on counter irritation: Treatment of Rhabdomyoma by the knife: Cases of death in 24 hours, and various other interesting articles.

"*Suggestions to Parents and others*" by A. H. MCVAIN, M. D. The object of this work is to show the proper physical and medical treatment of children, and the diseases of females, comprehending a general account of the nervous system to which the human body is liable. It will be comprised in twelve numbers, commencing on the first of March last. Subscribers in the country will be charged $2 50 in advance for the twelve numbers.

"*Oliver Twist, or The Parish Boy's Progress*," part 3, No. 4, by the author of the Pickwick Papers, illustrated by cruikshank, has been executed with felicity and spirit by Yeager, from designs by Cruikshank. The interest of this work increases as the story advances to its conclusion, and will be perused by the reader for the attention he devotes to its perusal.

"*The American Phrenological Journal and Miscellany*," for December, 1838, published by ADAM WALDIE. The contents are 1. Application of Phrenology to Physiognomy, with a sketch of character; 2. Questions considered as settled by Phrenology; 3. Phrenology in France; in Germany and exciting discussion; 4. Brief history of the science, and the opinions of certain professors of it who have died lately in Paris; 4. Communication from Medicus, on the importance of a general diffusion of Phrenological knowledge; 5. Communication by Lotter from a correspondent; 6. Character of Jn Blane, the murderer of Judge Sayre, of Maryland, N. J. with cuts, &c.

"*Boston Thanksgiving Manual*."—The Boston Thanksgiving Manual and Lady's Companion, published at Boston, Mass. semi-monthly, for two dollars a year, payable in advance. Clubs forming ten subscribers will receive eight copies. The present or fifth volume contains a fine likeness of Dr. Thomson, which will be forwarded to all those who may pay their subscriptions, in addition to which it is intended to give one hundred wood cuts illustrative of the anatomy of the human body. The work will be made valuable by at least twenty-four reports of cases by Dr. Thomson and others, of much interest to Thomsonians. It will afford a full account of the remedies and their application peculiar to the system of Dr. Thomson.

Legislature of Pennsylvania.

The recent events which have occurred at Harrisburg are of an extraordinary character, and involve principles so completely subversive of all regular and lawful government, as to render it imperative on us to record them for the information of readers of other and distant parts of the community. Party feeling and political prejudice may have on one side representing and existing circumstances in a worse light than they really were, while on the other they are exhibited as more venial than the stern truth warrants. Taking, therefore, the leading and acknowledged aspects of the opposing parties to our guide we arrive at some facts that cannot be disputed.

The most accurate account which has reached us is the following address of a majority of the Senate, the details of which do not appear to be contradicted in any essential particulars by the statements of the minority as made to the subject of complaint. The only returns on which either house could legally act were those presented by the Secretary of the Commonwealth, the question of their truth or falsehood remained to be tested by the proper constitutional tribunal. The law in this respect recognises no intermediate agent between the return judges and the legislature, other than the Secretary.

To the People of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

The undersigned members of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, duly elected, returned, and qualified according to the Constitution and laws of said state, in the first district of Philadelphia, feel called upon, by the novel and dangerous circumstances which have attended the meeting of the Legislature, to lay before the people of the state a brief statement of the occurrences since the first seat of Government, on the fourth day of December, 1838, at which time and place we were assembled, the position in which their representatives are now placed by an illegal and unconstitutional body, composed of persons in the city of the borough of Harrisburg. On the fourth day of December, 1838, the Right Hon. the Chief Magistrate for the meeting of the General Assembly, the Senate, and a majority of gentlemen elected to fill the places of Senators whose terms of service had expired, and others chosen to supply vacancies which had occurred by death and resignation, met at the Hall of the Senate, and proceeded to organize by the election of Senators then duly qualified present, the speaker of the Senate pro tempore to order, and the Secretary during the recess of the Senate to had issued writs of election to supply the vacancies in the Senate, caused by Mr. C. Pelts, late of the second Congressional district, and deceased, and Charles Darrah of the nineteenth district, and David R. Porter of the eighth district, resigned and that their places be filled by the Governor, as the duty of the Senate required, presented to the Senate the returns of the said elections.

The Senate, on motion of Fullerton, it was ordered that the Clerk of the Senate do now open and read the returns of the said elections, when it appeared that from the said returns, the following gentlemen had been elected Senators, viz:

Frederick Fraley,	from the	first	District.
James Hanna,	do.	do.	do.
Jos. Ritner,	do.	6th	do.
William F. Coplan,	do.	18th	do.
Jos. F. Ewing,	do.	17th	do.
John Killinger,	do.	7th	do.
Samuel Hays,	do.	3d	do.
Thomas S. Bell,	do.	2d	do.

and that William Wagner had been elected from the second district, in place of Alex. M. Pelts, deceased: Thomas Williams from the 4th district, in place of Joseph Darrah, deceased, and that the returns from the eight Senatorial districts were so imperfect and irregular as to render it impossible, without an investigation, to decide who had been elected, or to make out of them at that time.

At this stage of the proceedings, Mr. Pearson, a Senator from Mercer, moved that the returns from the eighth Senatorial district be postponed for the present, and that Mr. Clerk's table should be cleared of the papers, which was agreed to. Mr. Charles Brown, of the county of Philadelphia, then moved that Clerk's table and tendered a paper, which he stated to be a protest against the right of the whole body of the Senator in the second district, but was informed by the Speaker that such a paper could not be then received, as the return of the said election had been in due time received, and was transmitted officially by the Secretary of the Commonwealth. Mr. Carpenter, a Senator from the county of Philadelphia, then moved that the returns from the Secretary of the Commonwealth be directed to furnish the Senate with a copy of his office addressed to the Senate, and moved that the Senate proceed to the election of a Speaker. Mr. Darrah, a Senator from Bucks county, then moved that the Senate proceed to the election of a Speaker, which motion was not debatable; the crowd in the lobbies became so great that Mr. Pearson moved that the Senate adjourn to the Representative Chamber, which was agreed to. Mr. Charles Brown, of the county of Philadelphia, again moved that Clerk's table and tendered a paper, which he stated to be a protest against the right of the whole body of the Senator in the second district, but was informed by the Speaker that such a paper could not be then received, as the return of the said election had been in due time received, and was transmitted officially by the Secretary of the Commonwealth. Mr. Carpenter, a Senator from the county of Philadelphia, then moved that the Clerk of the Secretary of the Commonwealth be directed to furnish the Senate with a copy of his office addressed to the Senate, and

Washington, the father of his country,
Whose glorious life and deeds
Were given to all the freemen,

Extract, by Dennis, from memory:
Two crooner lambs you must did see
Than God Amity good to owe;
But they wer mistake to your lie,
And here they by lee dead law nine.

WHY WORDS HAVE NO SHAME.

Nature wisely entering all below,
Suffers no kind of passion's color to grow,
For how could they be shewed, when'er the skill,
Whose tongue would wear her their chin be still?

Epitaph on a Barber.

On garde each he lightly on the razor,
Thee coast not be so light as he could shave.

Never, since Aaron's rod went out of practice, was there such a wonder-working tool as—

A THOUGHT.

Ambition men have ever abused every thing, it is in the name of the general that all manner of victims have been sacrificed; it is in the name of Liberty, that tigers like Robespierre have shed torrents of blood.

NOT AT HOME.—"Is Mr. Hunter within?" "No, he is out of town," remarked the servant.

"When can I see him?"

"I don't know; have you any special business with Mr. Hunter?"

"Yes, there is a small bill which I wish to collect."

"Well," said the servant, "I don't know whether he will return this week or not.

"But I wish to pay the bill, as I am to leave town to-morrow."

"Oh! you want to pay him some money? He is up stairs I'm thinking—I will call him! Please to walk into the drawing room, take a chair, Sir; your hat, if you please! Mr. Hunter will be with you in a moment."

A countryman, while raising stones some days ago on a farm in the county of Dorchester, in this county, was fortunate enough to find under a heavy flag or curb stone the following coins, a number of gold coins of various kinds, some of them of great antiquity, and all in perfect preservation, and dated from the commencement of the reign of William III. George I. and George II. with half guineas of the same reign, some large Portuguese and small Roman coins, all bright, and of the finest gold. The flag had an aperture under the stone large enough to admit a hand to reach the treasures.—*Kent Packet.*

WESTERN EDITOR.—An Editor of a country paper thus honorously bids farewell to his readers:

"The Sheriff is waiting for me in the other room, so we have an opportunity to be pathetic. Major Nabem says we are wanted and must go. Delinquents and others, you have much to answer for. Heaven may forgive you, but I never can.

"I was going," said an Irishman, "over Westminster bridge the other day, [one Hour's, as he says.] "how are you?" "Pretty well, I thank you Dermot;" says he; "and I myself's out my name." "Faith no more is mine Heaven," says I; "for we hardly know each other, and faith it turned out to be neither of us."

POLITICAL ANECDOTE.—The New Era tells the following anecdote, which is worthy of notice: "A rich man who was building some brick houses in Boston at the time when the *Hon. Mr. Gore* and *Eldridge Gerry* were candidates for the governorship of Massachusetts, waited down to his new buildings on election day, and found the mechanics employed putting up tin tools. On asking him where he was going, he said, 'To the polls, Sir.' 'To the polls, sir you—and who do you vote for?' The carpenter answered him by naming the next question. "I shall vote for the Hon. Mr. Gore," said the owner, "and you must too." So replied the carpenter, "I shall vote for Elbridge Gerry." "Well, Sir," said the owner, "if you vote for Mr. Gerry, you shall do no more work for me." "Well, Sir," said the carpenter, bracing himself up, "if you vote for the honorable Mr. Gore, I will never work for you again *as long as I live!*"

JONAS HANWAY, who was so remarkably thin and meagre, repowsed a foolish fellow in the street with "*drown'd too much?*" "Have I?" and you have *ate no fish!*" betrayed the dreadful secret.

A Brahmin crushed with a stone the microscopic fauna that first among living things presents to the vegetables of his daily food. The spirit of the Brahmin still lives in Christendom: and with the principles of our nature are not bounded by coast or climate, and men are still to be found who, if not restrained by the wise and humane laws of their country, would try to stifle by personal violence and crush by brute force, every truth not hatched among their own conceits, and confined within the narrow fences of their ignorance.—*Professor Sedgwick.*

TALLEYRAND.—A gentleman in company was making a somewhat jealous eulogy on his mother's beauty, dwelling on the power of her mind for length—he himself having certainly inherited no portion of that kind under the marriage of his parents. "It was then, sir, your *father* who fell desperately in love with her?" was the remark which released the circle from the subject.—What Madame de Staël published the novel of Delphine, she was supposed to have painted herself in the person of the heroine, and M. Talleyrand in that of an elderly lady who is one of the principal characters. "They say," said he, "that we are both of us in your romance disguised as women."—"Ah! I feel inferal pause," said a gentleman who had been silent for a time, somewhat of the loosest. "Already!" was the inquiry suggested by M. Talleyrand.

JACK'S NOTION OF AN M. P.—Lord bless your heart, I wouldn't care how much agen the true nature of them all; I tells ye, Paul, it's an easy trade, and the moment you seen a vacancy, why chaps as tries to try it. Let a fellow only larn'd, in tooth and a parcel of big words, and don't know about nothin', and prate upon things he knows nothin' about, and like a deep laden collier, kick up a bobbery when he don't know what's comin, a fathom a-head in a watch, and I'm blest if he ain't as much fit for the parliamentary prate as ever prated himself into a good berth.

A SOLDIER AT ANCHOR.—A military officer, who made a point of disbanding the laborers, used as a substitute for flogging, to expose delinquents seated on one of their legs. One day when several men were undergoing the punishment, a sailor, on passing, asked them, "How they came out to be companions, "My eye, shipmates! only just look here: I'm blest if here isn't a sodger at anchor."

SMALL MISTAKES.

An minister and a lawyer were riding together, and the minister said to the lawyer, "Sir do you ever make mistakes in pleading?" "I do," said the lawyer. "And what do you do with the mistakes?" inquired the minister. "Why, sir, if large ones I mend them, if small ones I let them go," said the lawyer, "and you?" continued he, "do you ever make mistakes in preaching?" "I do, sir," said he. "And what do you do with the mistakes?" "Why, sir, I dispense with them in the same manner as you do with those of the large and pass the small ones. Not long after," continued he, "as I was preaching, I meant to observe that the devil was the father of *lawyers*, but made a mistake and said that I let it go.

PRINTING.—A curious legend exists relating to the discovery of printing. One evening of the 15th century, Faust was journeying toward a town of Germany; just before him rode a traveller on horseback; the sleeve of his horse left on the even soft ground the usual and regular impressions of the feet; when exactness each step. Faust observed this, and the next day printing was invented. There is a second piece of the history of printing which took place only forty years ago. One night Alois Senefelder, author of the first work in literature, entered his small attic with three things in his hands—a new lump of composition in order to draw his master's ink, a printer's ball charged with printing ink, and a piece of white made on the tinsmiths; the little mark changed each time to prevent fraud. Scarcely had he laid on the marble the paper before it was blown off and fell into a basin of water. Alois Senefelder, almost out of temper, wiped it and replaced it on the marble-piece, put on it, so prevent its being again blown away, the new stone into which on the way had rubbed against the ball. The black marks made by the contact were observed next day, transferred with admirable precision to the damp paper. The chemist Alois Senefelder observed this, and lithography was invented.

ON JUDGING JEWELS.—A perfectly just and sound mind is a rare and invaluable gift. Heat is still much more unusual to see a mind unbiased in all its actions. God has given this sound-ness of mind but to very few men, and many of them few escape the bias of some predilection, perhaps habitually operating, and none are at all times perfectly free. I once saw this subject finely illustrated. A watch-maker and a jeweller questioned had just an excellent watch into his hands for their inspection. It was to decide on a piece of work in was ever made. The task it to please, and put it together again twenty times. No manner of defect was discovered, and the watch went tolerably. At last it struck him that possibly the balance wheel might have been made a magnet. On applying a needle to it he found his conjecture true, as he had on former occasions. The steel-works in the other parts of the watch went as well as possible with a new wheel. If considered merely as a piece of work, the jeweller's action, it must act irregularly.—*Coleridge.*

NOTHING IN NATURE EVER LOST.

"To a modern observer," says one of our readers writer, whose name has escaped us, "the fallen leaves of autumn, after they have left the ground, would appear to be lost forever, but the late discoveries of experiment that wherever the soil becomes exhausted of its vegetable matter, the oxygen of the atmosphere combines with the carbon of the decayed vegetable matter. The consequence is, that this same carbon is absorbed by growing vegetables, and is supplied with new foliage; then in their turn decay, combining with the oxygen of the air as before, and so on to the end of time. In short, in the whole range of the material world, we never witness a single instance of *destruction* or annihilation."

A THOUGHT.

Were children accustomed from infancy to hear nothing but kindness and affectation, there would be but little need of their learning the arbitrary rules of Grammar—they would naturally pronounce their language correctly. Were the children of educated parents are generally so much more unnatural and affected in their conversation, than the children of the uneducated. Our language, like our manners, is corrupted by those with whom we associate, and if we would have the young improve in this important part of their education, they must be taught to shun all pernicious from us. Parents and teachers should be careful to avoid the use of language in the presence of imitative children.

A SEMINOLE WEDDING.

Something along the lines on Sunday last. In a performance we assist every month day in the purpose of cultivating our bump of reverence. Mr. M. Donald, the bride, was evidently excited by means of the numerous objects of interest presented in his native home (the work of Nature,) we observed a considerable degree of restlessness, which was by no means wearing upward. When we first saw them they were near" the Vegetable Market," coming up, we have cast a look of inquiry upon the countenance of the bridegroom to ascertain if he leader of the column, or lone, (which is the more proper locution, however, we leave out,) was a stout, athletic sample of a red man, painted with the various colors, and hung about with as many rags and bells as a Chinese Pagoda. We made some inquiries, and were glad to learn that it was not that it was a wedding party.

The Junius des Plantes, the land carried in one hand "as enough with the onion up," and in the other a bundle of the same vegetable with the root on it. In the same hand he also bore a small vessel, something like a sub-treasury safe, for reasons best known to himself, containing all sorts of